

Throw Away the Key

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Summary: He was locked in a small room with the girl who had single-handedly managed to drive him completely insane; it was going to be a long night.

1. Chapter One

Hi everyone! Thanks for reviewing my other stories, it means the world to me. This is one of two parts, I might post the other later tonight, I'm not sure yet. BTW, if you'll notice, Amber is 18 in this story. I hope that makes some of you feel a little comfortable.

* * *

>He made his way into the dressing room, watching himself in the mirror as he loosened his tie and undid the top two buttons of his dress shirt. He sat on the couch and started to wriggle his feet out of his shoes. He ran his fingers through his brown hair, disheveling it just enough so that pieces fell into his eyes, and he pushed them back again. He groaned, leaning his head back against the couch and closing his eyes for a moment. It was nice at this time of night; almost everyone was gone, and he could have time to relax in his dressing room without worrying about any interruptions. It was almost better than that damn apartment he lived in; there was never any peace, between the neighbors, their dogs, and their kids. He enjoyed a little craziness just as much as the next person, but it got old after a while.<p><p>

He kept his eyes shut, and tried to block out the few remaining noises around him. He heard the cleaning crew calling to each other about going home, and the heavy step of their work shoes as they made their way off the studio floor and backstage to put their equipment away. Almost without missing a beat, there was suddenly another sound on the floor just beyond his door; the steady click, click of high heels hitting the ground at lightning speed.

"Damn," he whispered the word under his breath. He recognized that

walk. It had to be Velma. She was the only one who approached him with such ferocity, even when he was sure he hadn't done anything wrong. To her, though, everything was wrong, whether you realized it or not. He didn't bother to open his eyes as the footsteps got closer, and finally stopped at the dressing room door before the woman barged into the room. He looked up quickly. "Velma! You can't just--"

But it wasn't the elder Von Tussel woman who stared back at him, fire dancing in her eyes. She looked so angry that he thought for a moment she might try to throw a few punches at him, but who was she kidding, he was a grown man.

"Ah, the devil's subordinate." He smirked at her. "What, your mother was too busy condemning souls to hell to come over here and hang me up herself?"

Amber squinted her eyes at him, stepping into the room and slamming the door behind her. It hit so hard in the doorframe that the furniture in the room shook for a moment. She didn't seem to notice.

"My mother doesn't even know I'm here!" Her voice was shrill, and she looked as if had just swallowed an entire lemon; her face was scrunched up and almost unrecognizable. Of course, he'd seen her mad plenty of times, so this was nothing new. He didn't even bother to stand up as she charged over to him, pointing a finger at him accusingly, "How dare you give my performance away to that bimbo!"

He searched his mind for the source of her anger, and vaguely remembered that he had, indeed, told Shelley she could perform the song that Amber had been slated to do on the show tomorrow. But that hadn't been up to him.

"Amber, I never told you that you could perform that song. That was your mother, remember? Of course she's not going to let one of the other girls have the slightest bit more attention than you, but Shelley knows the song better."

"She does not!" She sounded like she was trying to convince herself, but was so angry that she didn't take the time to realize it. "She can barely hold her head up and dance, much less carry a tune!"

He rolled his eyes, turning his head away from her so that she couldn't run and tell that to her mother. He wanted to tell her to beat it, so that he could have some semblance of relaxation before he had to go home and put up with the paper thin walls that were his apartment building. He opened one eye to peek at her. She was standing still, her hands curled into tight fists at her side. She looked angry, and it amused him. She was so petite, and seeing her shake with anger made her look like a pouting child. He didn't know what had gotten into her, but since she'd celebrated her eighteenth birthday, she'd become a royal pain in the ass. Not to say that she hadn't been one before, but now that she was legally considered an adult, he supposed she thought she had the right to be as obnoxious as humanly possible.

"Okay, Amber, you win. Next time, your conniving mother can make the

rules, and I'll stick with them." He sighed and stood, hoping that would make her happy.

"What? No, not next time. There isn't going to be a next time, Corny, if you don't give me that spot back, I'm off the show." She crossed her arms and turned away from him. The sight of it made him smile. He swallowed his laughter down.

"Okay, then you're off the show." She spun on her heels, her face flaring with indignation. Her face was red; it was the angriest he'd ever seen her.

"You do not have the right!" She was livid, and the shrillness of her voice echoed in the small room, "My mother controls this show. She'll fire your ass!"

He gave her a composed look.

"You're the one that said it, Amber. Not me. I'm not telling Shelley she can't do the performance. She knows the entire thing, and she's ready to go on. You can have the next spot. If you don't like it, tough." There was nothing hurtful or insulting about his words, but they came as a direct blow to her self-esteem. She clenched her jaw, her eyes narrowing into blue slits of hatred.

"Are you screwing her?" She demanded the words, her voice loud enough for someone who happened to be passing by to overhear easily. He advanced toward her quickly, his eyes suddenly dark.

"Stop it, Amber. Someone's going to hear you." His voice came out as a harsh whisper, a desperate attempt for her to lower the tone of her own voice. She was just being irrational now, and if someone heard her accusations, he could lose his job, or end up in prison.

"You are, aren't you?!" She was breathing heavily, and looked like she might explode at any minute.

"Of course I'm not." He tried to keep his composure, "Listen, she's got the part, and you can't have it back. You're an adult now, so start acting like one. You can't have everything you want in life. Just because your mother worked her way to the top by screwing every man she saw doesn't mean that's the way it works with everyone. Just because she's teaching you to throw your body around to get what you want doesn't mean everyone else has to."

She curled her lip in anger, glaring at him. Her eyes looked almost black.

"You're an asshole. Don't talk about my mother like that." She was shaking again.

"Then don't act like her." His face was next to hers, and she pulled back so quickly that he thought for a moment that she might slap him. She sucked her breath in quickly, like he'd just delivered a punch to her gut. She clenched her teeth, and he felt his heart pounding. "You need to leave, and you need to go right now."

He expected her to protest, or to curse at him, maybe even spit on him, but to his surprise, she turned on her heels and stomped to the door, placing her hand on the knob. He turned away from her, walking

toward his dressing area. He expected her to be gone when he turned around, but she was still there, her hand resting on the silver handle. He watched her expectantly for a moment, and then cleared his throat.

"Amber, I'm not going to apologize. I don't know what you're waiting for."

She turned to look at him quickly.

"I'm not waiting; you imbecile, the doorknob is stuck." She pursed her lips together, looking at him expectantly. "Of course this door is second-rate. It is yours, after all."

He decided to ignore her comment, and nearly pushed her out of the way to open the door for her. He'd lay down a red carpet and rose petals just to get her moving. She rolled her eyes, stepping aside for him to turn the knob. He jiggled it; nothing. He tried to unlock it, but the button wouldn't work. He grasped the handle as hard as he could, and pulled. It fell off in his hand. His stomach dropped, and he leaned down to peer through the hole. It was dark, and he knew the other side of the handle was still in tact. He thought about calling for help, and then glanced at his watch. It was after ten o'clock. Even the janitors were gone. He heard her sigh and shift her weight beside him.

"Just stick it back in the hole," she said stupidly, as if it made perfect sense.

It was his turn to sigh. He was stuck in a room no bigger than his bedroom at home with the girl who had single-handedly managed to drive him completely insane. It was going to be a long night.

2. Chapter Two

I decided to make this a three-part story, because it was just getting too juicy to fit into one more chapter. This chapter has mild language in it, and I really hope you like it... I also wanted to say thanks to everyone who is reviewing, you guys rock! Like I've said before, I don't know much sixties slang, so if something seems wrong then it probably is. I hope you guys like!

* * *

>"Fuck." He muttered the word under his breath, and Amber didn't hear him. She stood watching him expectantly, her hands resting on her hips. Because he was desperate, he decided to try her suggestion, and stuck the knob back into the hole it had just fallen out of. Naturally, it didn't work.<p><p>

He began to pound the door with his fist, but it wouldn't budge. He rested his head against the cool steel of the door for a moment, and then sighed.

"Call for your mother, Amber. She's the only one who's still here."

There was no response from her, and he turned to look at her. She was standing with her arms crossed, a panic-stricken look on her face. He

stepped aside for her to access the door. She didn't move.

"My mother isn't here," her voice sounded slightly broken, "She left about an hour ago. I told her I'd get a cab home."

He groaned. The one thing he thought Velma would be useful for, and she was nowhere to be found. All because Miss Teenage Bitch had to come in here and give him a piece of her mind.

"Great, so we're stuck in here." He suddenly regretted the fact that he had never asked for a telephone to put in his dressing room. It had just felt like too much contact with the outside world. Now, he'd give anything for just a little of that.

She sighed exasperatedly and brushed past him, pounding her manicured fingers on the cold steel of the door.

"Hey! Someone open this door!" She demanded the orders as if there was someone on the other side, just pretending not to hear them. She didn't spend as many late nights here as he did. He knew that once the cleaning crew was done, everyone was gone. No one would be back until early the next morning.

He went to sit on the couch, his head falling into his hands. He let her scream for a few more minutes, until he could literally feel her shrieks piercing his brain.

"Amber!" He barked, and she stopped in mid-shriek, "Stop! No one is here. We're just going to have to wait until morning." He let the words tumble out of his mouth, and really wished it hadn't come to this. Spending the night in the same room as Amber Von Tussel wasn't his idea of a good night, but it didn't seem that there was much he could do. "Just, stay on that side of the room, and I'll stay over here." He knew it sounded stupid, but it was the only thing he could think of. He hoped she would listen.

"You can't tell me what to do!" That had become her favorite catchphrase since she'd turned eighteen. He heard it at least eight times a day while they were filming. Now he was going to hear it all night, too. That thought made him wonder if he could knock himself unconscious using the few supplies in the room. He watched as she propped herself against the wall on the far side of the room, and sighed again, closing his eyes. He propped his feet up on the couch, slipping his shoes off and closing his eyes. He was half tempted to keep one eye open, in case she came at him with a sharp object, but figured that even she wouldn't want to spend the entire night figuring out ways to annoy him.

"Oh my God, Corny, I can't believe you pulled the doorknob off. How idiotic do you have to be to do that? I mean, seriouslyâ€¦you have to try to be that brainless." She scoffed and rolled her eyes, shaking her head in chastisement. She studied her fingernails as he looked at her, and lowered her voice. "I always knew my mother was right about you."

He felt defensive suddenly, and wanted to lose his temper. Of course, he couldn't. She'd be the first person to go running back to Velma with her tail between her legs, acting like a wounded puppy, suckling at the power teat. He was so tired of watching every word, every move he made, around her. It was like raising a precocious three-year-old;

she watched each move he made carefully, and often called him out on it at a later time.

"And what does your mother say about me, Amber?" He stared at her, and she looked surprised that he'd asked. She had undoubtedly expected it to be another mocking statement, with no foreseeable consequences. The fact that he had called her out on it made her stammer for a moment.

"That's none of your business." Obviously, she didn't know what to say. He rolled his eyes, this time obvious about it, and shook his head. He'd let the matter drop. She thought she was getting a rise out of him, so let her. He was sure that by the time they got out of this, she'd have a completely different tale to tell than what had actually happened. She'd emerge as the glorious hero; she'd braved a night against Corny Collins and had told him exactly what she thought about him. That wasn't the way it was going to happen, of course, but in her mind, he knew it would never be any other way.

"All right," he sighed, trying to maintain some of his composure. "That's fine, Amber." They were silent for another moment, and he heard her footsteps approaching him. He opened his eyes quickly, just in case she was harboring a pair of scissors, but she was standing before him, her arms crossed and her face scrunched into an angry glare.

"Move your feet." She said it as if she were a queen and her word was law. He glanced up at her.

"Excuse me?" He wasn't completely sure he'd heard her right. This was, after all, his dressing room, and, technically, his couch.

"You heard me." Her voice was cold. "Move your feet. I want to sit down."

"So do I," he answered her, "And I don't want to sit next to you, which is why I have my feet up."

She frowned at him, and he smirked up at her. He pointed towards the opposite end of the room. "There's a chair right over there, go sit in that."

"That's not a chair, it's a stool! It doesn't even have a back. Do you expect me to stand up all night?" She stared at him angrily. He shrugged.

"I really don't care what you do, Amber, but you're not sitting next to me." He put his arms behind his head and closed his eyes again.

"Corny, you're forgetting that there is a lady in this room." She decided to try a different approach. He didn't bother opening his eyes.

"Who? Oh, you mean, you?" He sneered, "Excuse me, your majesty; sometime between you calling me an asshole and accusing me of screwing a seventeen-year-old girl I must have forgotten how delicate and fragile you are." He glowered at her. He knew he shouldn't have said that. Obnoxious or not, she was his boss' daughter, and she held

his career in the palm of her perfectly manicured hand. He didn't care, though. He wasn't going to let her bash him and not say a word. If she was going to stoop to that level, so would he.

"You're such a jackass," she shot the words back at him like a bullet, and stormed to the other side of the room. "I just want someone to open this damn door." She slouched in the stool he had pointed out earlier, crossing her arms over her chest. The light pink fluff of her silky dress spilled out beneath her, and she sulked. He took peace in the quiet of the room, and a moment later she sighed. He ignored the noise, and then heard it again. He heard her shift on the stool, and then they settled into the silence. A moment later, there was a creaking noise, and Amber screamed. He sat up quickly, and found her in a mess of broken wood on the floor, her body shaking with shock as she tried to pull herself from the floor. He tried to prevent the laughter from escaping him, but failed, and began to chuckle.

"That stool was either older than I thought, or you've been drinking a few too many chocolate malts." The remark wasn't meant to imply anything, and for a moment, he'd even forgotten who he was talking to. The moment the words left his mouth, he knew he'd made a mistake. She pulled herself to her feet, her face burning with mortification. She dusted the back of her dress off and spun on her feet to look at him.

"How dare you!" She was incensed, and he could tell. He swallowed hard as she approached him, pointing her finger at him as if she were scolding a child. "You have no right to humiliate me like that! What are you, God? You're a two-bit television personality that does what, hangs out with high school students all day? You live in a nasty apartment on a shitty side of town, and you have the nerve to insult me? Let me tell you something, you arrogant son of a bitch. You'll be fired with another remark like that, do you understand me? I have the reigns of your career in my hands, and I can pull them to a stop whenever I want!" She was near his face now, and her hands were trembling. Her cheeks were flushed crimson, her chest heaving with each breath she took. He studied her face, and the finger that she was pointing at him. He wanted to scream at her, maybe even hit her. It wasn't in his character to ever touch a woman inappropriately, but she was pushing every button he had.

He reached out and grabbed the hand that she had pointed at him, enclosing it in his own. Her eyes widened in fear at the feel of his strong grasp on her. She tried to pull back, but he wouldn't release her. He pulled her closer to him, his temper raging. He pulled her close enough to smell the perfume that she had dabbed onto her wrists, and the base of her neck.

"Don't speak to me like that," his voice was even, and eerily calm. He thought he felt her tense in his hold, and his eyes connected with hers, "Don't be such a bitch, Amber. Maybe then, people will stop treating you like one."

As he held her mere inches away from him, she sneered at him. He thought for a moment that she might kick him, but decided that she wasn't that brave.

"I despise you," she said the words between clenched teeth, her blue eyes black with hatred. He didn't release his grasp on her, and he

could hear her heavy breathing in his ear.

"I hate you, too." He said the words, and knew that he meant them.

That's why he couldn't figure out why, more than anything in the world, he wanted to kiss her at that exact moment.

3. Chapter Three

****FINALLY!** I have been trying to figure out how to end this story since I started writing it, and I've spent the last few days trying to figure out how to get out of the slump I was in. Luckily, the fabulous Kelsey Rose stepped in and helped me figure out exactly what needed to be done. Thanks Kelsey!! Thanks to EVERYONE who is reading and reviewing, I love writing, and plan to write many more stories, so keep an eye out for them. I know this chapter is kind of long, but please keep reading! This wraps this story up, but there will be many more like this. I hope it's worth the wait!!**

* * *

>He released her hand a moment later, and she pulled back in one quick movement. Without missing a beat, the same hand he'd held just seconds ago swung around and smacked him squarely in the face. She retreated quickly, her eyes wide as his hand came up to rest on his stinging cheek. She held her breath, and he watched her with dark eyes as she cowered on the other side of the room. She glanced down at her hand; it was red, and the swift contact had left it tingling. She could only imagine that his face felt somewhat similar. She wasn't completely sure why she'd hit him; perhaps because he'd called her a bitch, or he'd been gripping her hand a little too tightly. Maybe it was because she no longer felt in control of the situation, and she couldn't have that. She had made her reputation on having power over others, and he'd given her the feeling that he literally had her at his fingertips. She had panicked, and slapped him.
Hard.<p><p>

He rubbed his cheek, still looking at her. She no longer looked like a frightened child, but a wild animal that had been cornered. Her eyes were dark and angry, and her body language told him that she wasn't scared of what consequences might follow her actions.

He tried to reason himself out of the feelings he'd had when she'd been so close to him, close enough to smell her perfume, and the soap she'd used. It had been crazy, of course. He didn't normally feel attracted to her, and had always considered her a nuisance; a mar on an otherwise perfect career. He had looked into those silver-blue eyes many times, and had never before felt the passion he'd felt in that exact moment. He'd never wanted anything else but to be as far away from her as humanly possible, and he couldn't shake the feeling that in that one moment, no matter how long or short it had been, he had wanted her. Wanted to kiss her, hold her, and maybe even more. It had been something about the fervor in her eyes at that moment that he had never seen before. He had never seen her so intrigued in something; had never noticed that unmistakable fire that burned just beneath her pupils.

He had never seen her so intimately before, and though he wanted to

deny it, he knew that it had aroused him. She had piqued his curiosity with one simple look, and she didn't even know it. It was an odd sensation. He had never done anything but detest her. Now, on top of that emotion, there was something else; an insatiable appetite to taste her lips, to feel his skin on hers, and he knew that it was all wrong. That's what made it all the more appealing.

The stinging in his cheek subsided a moment later, and he reached up to loosen his tie and unbutton the collar of his shirt. He could feel her eyes watching him, and he wanted to say something to her, but couldn't. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the form of her body, sliding down the wall and into a sitting position on the floor. Her large dress billowed around her, and she looked beaten down. It made him pity her for a moment, until he remembered that she was the one who had made this entire evening a nightmare so far.

He caught her glaring at him, and noticed how hateful she looked. There was nothing beautiful about her at that moment. Still, he wanted to touch her. It frightened him, because he'd never felt this way about anyone so much younger than him; and definitely not any of the council girls. Something about the way she'd held herself when she'd be so close to him, though; he just couldn't stop thinking about it. There was no soft spot in his heart for her, either. He hated her; the way she walked, and talked, the way she acted like every person she met was simply a peon in her kingdom. She was just a blatant bitch. And yet, he was attracted to her.

They were silent for a long time. Corny tried not to feel guilty that he was here, on the couch, and she was slumped in the corner, her dress nearly swallowing her alive. He knew the floor couldn't be comfortable; it was cold, and cement. It wasn't that he wanted her near him again; he was still trying to forget that those thoughts had even passed through his mind moments ago, but it was morals. His mother had raised a gentleman; one who wasn't supposed to call ladies inappropriate names, one who offered his seat to a lady. But, then again, she wasn't a lady. This was Amber. Still, he knew it wasn't right.

"Come on, Amber." He scooted to the side of the couch, leaving a space big enough for her to sit with plenty of room in between them. She glanced up at him, her eyes full of suspicion.

"What?" She sounded suspicious.

"Come sit on the couch." He knew it was stupid, changing his mind suddenly after they'd been here for what seemed like hours already, but the long day was beginning to have its effect on him, and he couldn't imagine getting any sleep sitting in a corner.

"Oh, yeah, right," she mocked him, "Like I'm going to sit next to the man who called me a bitch and tried to break my fingers." He shouldn't have expected anything different from her; she always had to make a bad situation worse. This was no exception.

"I didn't-" He sighed, and rolled his eyes. It was useless. She wasn't going to carry on a conversation with him like a normal adult, so he would stop trying. "Amber, just come sit down. I'm not going to touch you, or talk to you, or look at you. It's going to be a long night if you're slumped over in the corner."

It took a long while, but she eventually straightened her posture and stood, her high heels clicking as she walked across the room. She slid onto her corner of the couch and nudged her shoes off her feet, making sure to keep her body turned away from him. She propped her elbows on the arm rests, sighing into the silence of the room. She pulled her feet up, and tucked them under her billowing skirt.

The silence that fell between them was awkward, but was magnified as he studied her profile, wondering why she felt she needed to be so on-guard at all times. He wondered if, when she was alone, she was this way; constantly looking over her shoulder, trying to find someone to blame for all of her problems. He couldn't imagine her any other way, so he decided that she must be. Her mother had probably cultivated her to hate everyone without discrimination, and only be aware of those who could give her something when she wanted it. Velma had, in all certainty, raised Amber from the cradle to believe that she was born naturally superior to all others, and that there would never be a time when she should feel sorry, or ashamed for anything she'd ever do. The thought made him pity her, but then he heard her scoff and remembered that there was nothing unfortunate about this girl's life. She was handed everything she ever wanted, and was sure she'd find a way to get the rest of what she needed. With Velma as a role model, she was destined for some great, if not immoral, things.

"I just want to go home," her words were quiet, and wistful, as if he were purposely holding her captive in a small cell. She had spoken so softly that he wasn't even completely sure that she'd wanted him to hear her. Of course, he had.

"I think we've already established that we both want that."

She sent him a sharp look, but didn't speak. He watched from the corner of his eye as she attempted to curl her body into a comfortable position, her head resting upon her arm as she closed her eyes. He decided to follow her lead and rested his head against his arm, turning away from her. They stayed like that a few minutes, and then he heard Amber groan.

"Can you at least turn the light off, Corny? God, I feel like I'm sleeping on the sun, it's so bright in here." He picked his head up to look at her, but she was hiding her eyes beneath her forearm. He sighed and stood, walking to the lamp and switching it off. The room fell into blackness, and he felt his way back to the couch, narrowly avoiding hitting against the few pieces of furniture that stood between him and his destination. He found his spot and curled back against the arm rest, letting his eyelids droop. They were both quiet as they tried to drift off to sleep, but the cramp in his neck from resting his head on his arm told him that he wouldn't be dozing off anytime soon. He sat in the darkness, listening to the rhythm of her breath as she rested just feet away from him. He thought for a moment that she might be sleeping, and shifted on his side of the couch, trying to reach the same state of rest she was in. He closed his eyes, and let his mind start to wander through the inevitably nonsensical thoughts that precede sleep. Just when he felt himself beginning to drift off, he heard a shriek start just feet away from him.

The scream escalated in pitch, until he was on his feet, stumbling through the dark to find the light switch to see what had happened to

her. Before his fingers found it, though, he heard her voice.

"Don't fucking touch me!" Her voice was shrill, and its harshness made him jump. He stopped searching for the light switch, and glared in her general direction in the darkness.

"Excuse me?" He was sincerely confused.

"I said, don't touch me!" He could hear her slapping her hands over her arms and legs, and he supposed she was trying to rub away the lingering feeling of a touch.

"What are you talking about?" He moved slowly in the darkness and back to the couch, feeling his way back into his position. She continued to writhe beside him, and he rolled his eyes in the darkness. "I didn't touch you. It must have been a bug or something."

He heard her frenzied pace slow beside him, and he thought for a moment about getting up to turn the light on, but then decided that it would only keep them awake longer and hurt their eyes. She didn't seem so panicked anymore, so he wasn't worried about checking to see what had been crawling on her. That was, if anything had even been crawling on her. She had probably just wanted to use it as another excuse to bitch at him.

"Well, whatever. I should have figured I wouldn't be able to get a moment's sleep in here with you." Her words were sharp edged, and her tone of voice made him angry. That wasn't anything unusual, of course, but the fact that his touch was enough to make her scream; that bothered him. Who was she to act like he was some kind of leper? He moved slowly, sensing her next to him, and moved his face closer to hers. Without thinking, he rested his hand on her shoulder, and felt her flinch.

"Believe me, Amber; if I was touching you, you would know it." He couldn't hide what he was feeling now. There was something about her soft skin beneath his fingertips that made him want her even more.

He thought he heard her gasp at his words, but noticed that she didn't move from beneath his touch. He felt something inside him stir, and she turned slightly. He could feel strands of her hair tickling his fingers as she turned her head toward him. It was too dark for either of them to see anything, but he could imagine the look on her face. She was probably biting her lip, the way she always did when she was nervous.

He felt her move towards him, and let his hands move upwards, as they came closer together. It didn't make any sense, but his fingers were cupping her chin and his thumb was brushing her lips, and he knew that he had to kiss her. He couldn't resist anymore. As he went to lean in, she surprised him by pushing him back, her lips covering his in such a surprising kiss that he lost his breath for a moment. He wanted to be the one in control of this situation; it felt like that was how it should be, but he knew she hated losing power. He didn't care, and the way her mouth was working over his told him that she wouldn't either. In a quick moment, he had her pushed back against the couch, his body pressing against hers as he kissed her. He heard her groan beneath him, and released her mouth for a moment to hear

her speak.

"You make me sick," she whispered the words against his ear, but didn't struggle to pull away from him. He found her mouth again, and she returned the kiss willingly, moaning beneath him.

"The feeling's mutual." There was no more need for words, and he enveloped her lips in another caress, both of them too full of lust to go on fighting.

He knew they could go back to hating each other tomorrow, when someone came into the studio and discovered them inside this room, but right now, in the blackness of this room, he would love her, and only the two of them would ever have to know.

End
file.